TALES OF WAR AND PEACE BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

The German Invasion of England and How Three Young Men Saved the Country

THIS is the true inside story of the invasion of England in 1911 by the Germans, and why it failed. I got my data from Baron von Gottlieb, at the time military attache of the German Government with the Russian army in the second Russo-Japanese war, where Russia drove Japan out of Manchuria and reduced her to a third rate Power.

Two years before, at the time of the invasion, Von Gottlieb had been Carl Schultz, the head waiter at the East Cliff Hotel at Cromer, and a spy.

The other end of the story came to me through Lester Ford, the London correspondent of the New York *Republic*. They gave me permission to tell it in any fashion I pleased, and it is here set down for the first time.

What led directly to the invasion was that some week end guest of the East Cliff Hotel left a copy of "The Riddle of the Sands" in the coffee room, where Von Gottlieb found it; and the fact that Ford attended the Shakespeare ball. Had neither of these events taken place the German flag might now be flying over Buckingham Palace. And then again it might not.

As every German knows, "The Riddle of the Sands" is a novel written by a very clever Englishman in which is disclosed a plan for the invasion of his country.

What Von Gottlieb thought was evidenced by the fact that as soon as he read the book he mailed it to the German Ambassador in London, and under separate cover sent him a letter. In this he said: "I suggest your Excellency bring this book to the notice of a certain royal personage, and of the strategy board."

What the strategy board thought of the plan is a matter of history. This was in 1910. A year later, during the coronation week, Lester Ford went to Clarkson's to rent a monk's robe in which to appear at the Shakespeare ball, and while the assistant departed in search of the robe Ford was left alone in a small room hung with full length mirrors and shelves, and packed with uniforms that Clarkson rents for Covent Garden balls and amateur theatricals. While waiting Ford gratified a long, secretly cherished desire to behold himself as a military man by trying on all the uniforms on the lower shelves.

Ford was wondering when the invasion did come whether he would stick at his post in London and dutifully forward the news to his paper, or play truant and as a war correspondent watch the news in the making. So the acts of Mr. Clarkson's assistant did not sink in. But a few weeks later young Major Bellew recalled them.

Bellew was giving a dinner on the terrace of the Savoy restaurant. His guests were his nephew, young Herbert, who was only five years younger than his uncle, and Herbert's friend Birrell, an Irishman, both in their third term at the university. After five years service in India Bellew had spent the last "Eights" week at Oxford, and was complaining bitterly that since his day the undergraduate had deteriorated. He had found him serious, given to study, far too well behaved.

"You're talking rot!" said his dutiful nephew. "Take Phil here, for example. I've roomed with him three years and I can testify that he has never opened a book. He never heard of Galsworthy until you spoke of him. And you can see for yourself his table manners are quite as bad as yours!"

"Worse!" assented Birrell loyally.

"And as for ragging! What rags, in your day, were as good as ours; as the Carrie Nation rag, for instance, when 500 people sat through a temperance lecture and never guessed they were listening to a man from Balliol?"

Ford had no part in the debate. He had been smoking comfortably and with well timed nods impartially encouraging each disputant. But now he suddenly laid his cigar upon his plate and, after glancing quickly about him, leaned eagerly forward. They were at the corner table of the terrace and, as it was now past 9 o'clock, the other diners had departed to the theatres and they were quite alone.

"I'll give you an idea for a rag," whispered Ford. "One that is risky, that will make the country sit up, that ought to land you in jail. Have you read 'The Riddle of the Sands'?"

Bellew and Herbert nodded; Birrell made no sign.

"It's the book most talked about," explained Ford. "And what else is most talked about?" He answered his own question. "The landing of the Germans in Morocco and the chance of war. Now, I ask you, with that book in everybody's mind and the war scare in everybody's mind what would happen if German soldiers appeared to-night on the Norfolk coast, just where the book says they will appear? Not one soldier, but dozens of soldiers; not in one place, but in twenty places?"

"What would happen?" roared Major Bellew loyally. "The Boy Scouts would fall out of bed and kick them into the sea!"

"Shut up!" snapped his nephew irreverently. He shook Ford by the arm. "How?" he demanded breathlessly. "How are we to do it? It would take hundreds of men."

"Two men," corrected Ford, "and a third man to drive the car. I thought it out one day at Clarkson's when I came across a lot of German uniforms. I thought of it as a newspaper story, as a trick to find out how prepared you people are to meet invasion. And when you said just now that you wanted a chance to go to jail——"

"What's your plan?" interrupted Birrell.

"We would start just before dawn," began Ford.

"We?" demanded Herbert. "Are you in this?"

"Am I in it?" cried Ford indignantly. "It's my own private invasion! I'm letting you boys in on the ground floor. If I don't go there won't be any invasion!"

The two pink cheeked youths glanced at each other inquiringly and then nodded.

"We accept your services, sir," said Birrell gravely. "What's your plan?"

"We are Germans!" he declared. "This village is captured. You are prisoners of war."

Two days later a touring car carrying three young men in the twenty-one miles between Wells and Cromer broke down eleven times. Each time this misfortune befell them one young man scattered tools in the road and on his knees hammered ostentatiously at the tin hood; and the two other occupants of the car sauntered to the beach. There they chucked pebbles at the waves and then slowly retraced their steps.

Each time the route by which they returned was different from the one by which they had set forth. * * *

But when they again reached the car the procedure of each was alike—each produced a pencil and on the face of his "half inch" road map traced strange, fantastic signs.

At lunch time they stopped at the East Cliff Hotel at Cromar and made numerous and trivial inquiries about the Cromer golf links. * * * The head waiter at the East Cliff Hotel gave them the information they desired.

He was an intelligent head waiter, young and of a pleasant, not to say distinguished, bearing. In a frock coat he might easily have been mistaken for something even more important than a head waiter—for a German riding master, a leader of a Hungarian band, a manager of a Ritz hotel.

But he was not above his station. He even assisted the porter in carrying the coats and golf bags of the gentlemen from the car to the coffee room, where, with the intuition of the homing pigeon, the three strangers had unaided found their way. As Carl Schultz followed, carrying the dust coats, a road map fell from the pocket of one of them to the floor. Carl Schultz picked it up and was about to replace it when his eyes were held by notes scrawled roughly in pencil.

With an expression that no longer was that of a head waiter, Carl cast one swift glance about him and then slipped into the empty coat room and locked the door. Five minutes later, with a smile that played uneasily over a face grown gray with anxiety, Carl presented the map to the tallest of the three strangers. It was open so that the pencil marks were most obvious. By his accent it was evident the tallest of the three strangers was an American.

"What the devil!" he protested. "Which of you boys has been playing hob with my map?"

The head waiter breathed deeply. With an assured and happy countenance he departed and for the two hundredth time that day looked from the windows of the dining room out over the tumbling breakers to the gray stretch of sea.

In his mind's eye he beheld rolling tugboats straining against long lines of scows, against the dead weight of field guns, against the pull of thousands of motionless, silent figures, each in khaki, each in a black leather helmet, each with one hundred and fifty rounds.

In his own language Carl Schultz reproved himself.

"Patience," he muttered; "patience! By 10 to-night all will be dark. There will be no stars. There will be no moon. The very heavens fight for us, and by sunrise our outposts will be twenty miles inland!"

By gracious permission of the manageress Carl had obtained an afternoon off, and changing his coat, he mounted his bicycle and set forth toward Overstrand.

Three miles from Cromer, at the top of the highest hill in Overstrand, the chimneys of a house showed above a thick tangle of fir trees. Between the trees and the road rose a wall, high, compact, forbidding.

Carl opened the gate in the wall and pushed his bicycle up a winding path hemmed in by bushes. At the sound of his feet on the gravel the bushes flew apart and a man sprang into the walk and confronted him. But at sight of the head waiter the legs of the man became rigid, his heels clicked together, his hand went sharply to his visor.

Behind the house, surrounded on every side by trees, was a tiny lawn. In the centre of the lawn, where once had been a tennis court, there now stood a slim mast. From this mast dangled tiny wires that ran to a kitchen table. On the table, its brass work shining in the sun, was a new and perfectly good wireless outfit, and beside it, with his hand on the key, was a heavily built, heavily bearded German. In his turn Carl drew his legs together, his heels clicked, his hand stuck to his visor.

"I have been in constant communication," said the man with the beard. "They will be here just before the dawn. Return to Cromer and openly from the post office telegraph your cousin in London: 'Will meet you to-morrow at the Crystal Palace.' On receipt of that, in the last edition of this afternoon's papers, he will insert the final advertisement. Thirty thousand of our own people will read it. They will know the moment has come!"

As Carl coasted back to Cromer he flashed past many pretty gardens where upon the lawns men in flannels were busy at tennis or with pretty ladies deeply occupied in drinking tea.

"A nation of wasters," muttered the German, "sleeping at their posts. They are fiddling while England falls!"

Mr. Shutliffe of Stiffkey had led his cow in from the marsh and was about to close the cow barn door when three soldiers appeared suddenly around the wall of the village church. They ran directly toward him. It was 9 o'clock, but the twilight still held. The uniforms the men wore were unfamiliar, but in his day Mr. Shutliffe had seen many uniforms and to him all uniforms looked alike. The tallest soldier snapped at Mr. Shutliffe fiercely in a strange tongue.

"Du bist gefangen!" he announced. "Das Dorf ist besetzt. Wo sind unsere Leute?" he demanded.

"You'll have to excuse me, sir," said Mr. Shutliffe, "but I am a trifle 'ard of 'earing."

"What is the name of this village?" he demanded.

Mr. Shutliffe, having lived in the village upward of eighty years, recalled its name with difficulty.

"Have you seen any of our people?"

With another painful effort of memory Mr. Shutliffe shook his head.

"Go indoors!" commanded the soldier "and put out all lights and remain indoors. We have taken this village. We are Germans. You are a prisoner! Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir, thank'ee, sir, kindly," stammered Mr. Shutliffe. "May I look in the pigs first, sir?"

One of the soldiers coughed explosively and ran away and the two others trotted after him. When they looked back Mr. Shutliffe was still standing uncertainly in the dusk, mildly concerned as to whether he should look up the pigs or obey the German gentleman.

The three soldiers halted behind the church wall.

"That was a fine start!" mocked Herbert. "Of course you had to pick out the village idiot. If they are all going to take it like that we had better pack up and go home."

"The village inn is still open," said Ford. "We'll close it."

They entered with fixed bayonets and dropped the butts of their rifles on the sanded floor. A man in gaiters choked over his ale and two fishermen removed their clay pipes and stared. The barmaid alone arose to the occasion.

"Now, then," she exclaimed briskly, "what way is that to come tumbling into a respectable place? None of your tea garden tricks in here, young fellow, my lad, or——"

The tallest of the three intruders in deep guttural accents interrupted her sharply.

"We are Germans!" he declared. "This village is captured. You are prisoners of war. Those lights you will out put and yourselves lock in. If you into the street go we will shoot!"

He gave a command in a strange language; so strange, indeed, that the soldiers with him failed to entirely grasp

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REVELATIONS OF THE KAISER'S PERSONAL SPY----

Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves, "The Most Dangerous Spy of the Century," Tells of His Mission and Betrayal in England

By ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES,

For Nine Years the German Emperor's Trusted Personal Spy, and Termed by the London "Times" the "Most Dangerous Spy of the Century."

NOVEMBER 18, 1911, I received the usual summons to report at the Wilhelmstrasse. Instead of being brought before Count von Wedel I was taken over to Koenigergraizerstrasse 70, to the German Admiralty Intelligence Department. Here I met my old chief, Capt. Tappken, head of the naval branch of the Intelligence Department. The Captain briefly informed me that it had been deemed advisable to send me to England—unwelcome news this, as you will see.

In the usual curt yet polite manner of German officers the Captain introduced me to three naval experts. One was a construction officer, another in the signalling department, the third an expert on explosives and mines.

One at a time they took me in hand, grooming me in the intricacies of their respective fields. It was like a rehearsal in the grooming I had received years before when taken into the service and trained for months.

It was included in my instructions to watch the movements of British warships off the Scottish coast and promptly cable the German Admiralty Intelligence Department concerning them.

At the Intelligence Department I was given carte blanche as to how to go about my mission. I am frank to say I did not care at all for it. I had good reason to be wary.

The suspicious state of England at the time and a stringent law just passed made this mission very dangerous as far as one's liberty was concerned. There was no danger of a knife thrust, as in the Balkans, but there was of jail.

I went to Edinburgh by way of Hook of Holland and Folkestone.

For the first fortnight I quietly took my bearings, creating a suggestion that I was a semi-invalid. Having by this time familiarized myself with Edinburgh and its surrounding I made frequent trips to the Firth of Forth, upon which was located the Rossyth base.

Now, across the Firth there is a long bridge. It is between the Rossyth base and the North Sea. Warships going to and from the naval station pass under it. But more about this bridge later—something for the benefit of the English Admiralty.

Gradually I worked myself into the confidence of one of the bridge keepers.

Through the little acquaintance I struck up with him I was able to make a thorough study of the bridge and its structure—a strategic point, the bridge. Also, through the offices of my good friend the keeper, I was introduced to some of his pals in the waterguard.

From the waterguard I obtained more definite information regarding the Rossyth base. So much for the topographical knowledge which could only be obtained through personal contact with men who actually knew every inch of the ground. The higher scientific data of the fortifications and the base I obtained by social intercourse with high placed officials—officers and engineers at Rossyth—whom I entertained at various times.

The schooling I had received in the silhouettes presently came in handy. One night my friend the bridge tender learned that the fleet was getting up steam. Accordingly I stood on the bridge that night and waited.

At 5 o'clock in the morning, a gray, rainy, foggy morning, through which the ships moved almost ghostlike, I made out sixteen war vessels. From their silhouettes I knew them to be dreadnoughts, cruisers and torpedo boat destroyers. At once I filed a cable by way of Brussels informing the Intelligence Department of the German navy that an English fleet sixteen strong had put to sea. Subsequently I learned that in describing the sixteen ships I had made only one mistake.

After about three weeks I began to be suspicious of being followed. Arriving home one night I noticed that my dress suit was arranged in a different way to what I had left it. I called my landlady and casually inquired if my tailor had been there. She said, "No, doctor."

"Well," I replied, "what reason have you then to rearrange my clothes?"

Her face reddened and she seemed flustered.

"I wasn't in your room," she faltered. "I remember now. I believe the tailor was here. One of the servants let him in."

I made it my business to go around to my tailor's within an hour's time and he contradicted her story. He had not been at the house. To verify my suspicions that I was being shadowed I went the next day into the "F and F," a well known caterer on Princess street. In the writing room I wrote some letters, one of which I purposely dropped on the floor. I withdrew to the washroom, and returning in about fifteen minutes noticed that the letter had disappeared.

I recognized it as an occasion where I had to make a right royal bluff. I went at once to police headquarters in Edinburgh. I asked for Chief Constable Ross and sent in my card bearing "Dr. A. K. Graves, Turo, South Australia." Presently I was shown into the chief's room and was received by a typical Scottish gentleman. I opened fire in this way:

"Have you any reason to believe that I am a German spy."

I saw that it had knocked him off his pins.

"Why, no," he said, startled. "I don't know anything at all about it."

"It's not by your orders, then, that I am followed?

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Well, chief, it's hardly likely that anything of such importance would transpire without notice."

"What reason have you to believe that you were followed?" he asked.

"Reason in plenty," I replied. "Some agent had even the audacity to enter my apartments and search my effects. If you have any reason to take me to be a German spy go right ahead now, or let these rather nonsensical persecutions cease."

Chief Constable Ross became serious and very bravely said:

"Well, doctor, you know we've got to obey orders. I'm quite satisfied though that there has been a mistake made and you shall no further be annoyed."

About a week after my experience with Constable Ross I received information that William Beardmore & Co. of Glasgow were constructing some new fourteen inch guns for the British Government. That meant a change of base.

I at once made it my business to go to Glasgow and get particulars. I installed myself in the Central Station Hotel, and in a few weeks gained all the information I wanted.

While in Glasgow I received letters addressed to me as James Stafford. I received two such letters and upon calling at the General Post Office for a third I was informed that there was a letter for A. Stafford.

"Oh, yes, that is my letter," I replied.

The clerk demurred and replied.

"You asked for James Stafford. Under those circumstances I cannot hand you this letter. It is against the postal law."

Not being in a position to raise a question I let it go at that, never for a moment thinking that my employers would be so culpably careless as to put any incriminating evidence in the mail. Events proved that that is just what they did. Moreover, I later came to know why that particular letter was addressed not to James but to A. Stafford.

All my previous letters were addressed to me as Dr. A. K. Graves and were enclosed in the business envelope of the well known chemical firm of Burroughs & Wellcome, Snowhills, London, E. C.—which paper had been fabricated for the purpose. Of course the letters were sent from the Continent to London and there reposted. The stationery of this chemical firm was fabricated so as to disarm any possible suspicion.

When I left Edinburgh to find out about the fourteen inch guns I gave our people in London instructions to use plain envelopes and to address them to James Stafford, G. P. O., Glasgow. The first two letters were addressed correctly and plain envelopes were used. The third was not only misaddressed but was enclosed in one of the B. & W. envelopes—this, as I later learned, for a reason.

No one having called for it, the letter was returned to the chemical company. At their office it was opened and found to contain a typewritten letter in the German language and five ten pound notes on the Bank of England. The contents of the letter were such as to lead the firm to call in the police.

On the evening of April 14 I had just put on my evening clothes and gone to the upstairs writing room. I was awaiting a party of gentlemen who were coming to dine with me in the hotel. There came a "buttons" who announced:

"There's a gentleman downstairs to see you, doctor."

A premonition stole over me. I knew that my guests would not have sent for me to come down but would have been announced. I realized that if I was going to be caught there was no avoiding it. Secret service makes a man a fatalist. So I went downstairs.

I had hardly reached the last step of the grand stairway when four big plain clothes men pounced upon me. More for the fun of it than anything else, I guess, I got on my high horse and demanded to know what was the matter.

"You'll soon know," Inspector French declared.

I spent the night in the Glasgow city prison, and was taken the next day before a magistrate and formally committed to a Sheriff's court. On July 12 my case came up before the Sheriff's court. Waiving preliminary examination, I was committed for trial to the Edinburgh High Court.

For the first time I shall explain how, why and by whom I was secretly released. Until I revealed myself in the United States even the German Foreign Office thought me in jail.

Against me the Crown had summoned forty-five witnesses. They included Admirals, Colonels, Captains, military and naval experts, post office officials—I cannot recall all.

Presiding was the Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, himself no mean expert in military matters. The Solicitor-General of Scotland, A. M. Anderson, who prosecuted for the Crown, was supported by G. Morton, Advocate Deputy. The Government had an imposing array of bewigged, black gowned, legal notables marshalled against me.

Those familiar with English court procedure know the impressive manner with which justice is dispensed. Punctually at 10 on the morning of July 23, 1912, my trial opened. After the impressive ceremonies had been observed the jury was quickly empanelled, I making several challenges.

Expressing astonishment at my refusal to accept counsel the Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, who presided at the trial, promised to guard my interest on legal points; and guard it he did. Repeatedly he ruled against the Solicitor-General and challenged him on more than one point. I am frank in my admiration of British justice. My trial was a model of fairness.

On the first day I waived examination on all witnesses except the naval and military experts. I directed my first against Rear Admiral T. H. Stratton Adair, who superintended the ordnance factories of the Beardmore Gun Works in Glasgow. The Admiral, a typical English gentleman of the naval officer type, long, lank, with a rather ascetic, clear cut, Roman head, not unlike Chamberlain in general appearance, even to the single eyeglass, did not make much of a showing as an expert witness for the prosecution.

I managed to involve the Admiral in a heated altercation on the trajectory and penetrating power of the so much disputed 14 inch gun. One word led to another, and notwithstanding that he ranked at that time as a rear admiral of the British navy the Admiral showed that he did not know as much about his own guns as I. Backed into his corner, he was about to divulge things in support of his knowledge when he recovered himself, pulled up suddenly and appealed to the court:

"Your Lordship, it is against the British Government to have any more questions on this point in open court."

I maintained that my knowledge of guns was such that I did not need to spy at Beardmore to obtain the things I knew.

A word of advice to the Admiral: Do not talk so much when you go motor boating with pretty young musical comedy girls. You see, Admiral, I made it my business to see those young ladies in Glasgow. What an interest they took in you—a great Admiral! It is you, Admiral, whom I thank for aiding me in securing the right persons from whom the secrets of your new 14 inch guns could be obtained.

A note they found in my effects was introduced as evidence. It read as follows:

"The firm of William Beardmore & Co., Parkhead, Glasgow. B first orders F new 13.5 guns F navy. Length, 51 feet; weight, 73 tons. One foot longer than 12 inch, but twelve tons heavier. Weight of shot, 1,250 pounds, 400 pounds more than the 12 inch gun."

The second day of the trial brought the Burroughs & Wellcome letter into the testimony—the letter that had been refused me and had in turn gone back to the chemical company. Very gravely Sir Anderson, Crown Prosecutor, read the contents of this letter aloud. As I recall the exact wording it was:

DEAR SIR: We are pleased to learn of your successful negotiations of the business at hand. Be pleased to send us an early sample. As regards the other matter in hand, I do not know how useful it will be to us. In any case my firm is not willing to pay you more than 100 in this case.

It was unsigned. The letter puzzled not only the court, the jury, the newspapers, but all England. For the first time I shall now explain it:

It was from the German Government. By the "business at hand" they mean a new explosive and slow burning powder that was to be used in the new type of 14 inch turret guns being made in Glasgow. Some of that explosive was in my possession. That it was not discovered in my effects, nor was anything else incriminating found on me, was due to the fact that the secret agent who knows his business leaves nothing about, but he "plants" things, that is to say, leaves them in a safe deposit vault with the key in the hands of a person with power of attorney.

By "sample" in the letter was meant a sample of the explosive. The "other business at hand" spoken of was of tremendous importance, more vital to the safeguards of Britain than the other points mentioned in the letter.

There were subagents working at Cromarty. I did not know who they were; they simply made their reports to me, signing their German secret service number. I took up their points with Berlin. Well, the "other business in hand" was to put a certain British army officer under a monthly retaining fee of £100, for which in the event of war he was to commit an act of unspeakable treason and treachery on a certain harbor defence.

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"I had hardly reached the last step of the grand stairway when four big plain clothes policemen pounced upon me."